The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home.

VOL. VII. No. 6. AUGUST, 1899. ONE PENNY.

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Sympathy.

We can only elevate ourselves towards God through the souls of our fellow men.—*Mazzini.*

Wouldst thou the life of Souls discern?
Nor human wisdom nor divine
Helps them by aught beside to learn:—
Love is life's only sign.—*Hobbe.*

She never found fault with you, never implied
Your Wrong by her Right; and yet men at her side
Grew nobler, girls purer,
None knelt at her feet, confessed lovers in thrall—
They knelt more to God than they used—that was all.
E. B. Browning.

All worldly joys grow less
To the one joy of loving kindliness.
G. Herbert.

Be noble! and the Nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own!
Then wilt thou see it gleam in many eyes.
J. R Lowell.

At every moment of our lives we should be trying to find out, not in what we differ with other people, but in what we agree with them.—*Ruskin.*

'Tis better to love than to be loved, to be the server rather than the served.—*Wilson.*

Thankful Faith.

A SERMON

BY THE REV. A. N. BLATCHFORD, B.A.

"*And be ye thankful.*"—Coloss. iii. 15.

It is the end of the Apostle's desire that a bright and cheerful spirit should shine through our virtues, lighten our crosses and sweeten our service to God and man.

This is the advice he deems necessary and healthy in the very midst of toil, of difficulty, and of anxiety.

Too often are we prone to fancy that the duty of thankfulness is incumbent only on those whose way is bright with the sunshine of prosperity and the flowers of pleasure. When the wheels of life run smoothly, when people listen in vain for the sigh of sorrow, and can laugh at care, then, the world thinks, is the time, then has man the best reason, for being thankful. Nevertheless, these unshadowed conditions are the lot only of the few, not of the many, while the sound of their joy, just here and there, is overwhelmed in the cry of pain, of trouble, and of hard struggling life, that ascends day by day, all round this world of ours, up to the throne of God's mercy.

It must be, then, that for the toiling and for the heavy laden there is some portion in this mandate of the Apostle. One cannot but ask, to what sorts and conditions of men, and amid what scenes in life, Paul addressed that encouraging appeal? If we take their actual social circumstances, or consider the relation in which they surely stood to the religious and national life round about them, we shall be constrained to the conviction that if thankfulness was incumbent on those early followers of Jesus, if the Apostle could expect a brave and cheerful bearing from them, much more is the display of such a spirit demanded from us.

Few amid the multitude were those converts scattered up and down the Greek and Roman world. To the crowd that craved a sight, how unattractive, how mean, how suspected their religious services, hidden as they were from the gaze of man. Misunderstood, misrepresented, and charged with infamous and superstitious rites by the Pagans (even as, in our time, the persecuted Jew is treated by intolerant Christians), their steps were ever bent to a better country, even a heavenly. But the vision of the city of God was closed to the gaze of the thousands who applauded the earthly pageants of the priests, and who could realise only the tangible influences, which at that hour so strongly buttressed the prevailing faith, whether of the Roman or of the Jew.

The world knew not what these misprized Nazarenes were, until it saw for itself how they could suffer. Perplexed, then shaken, and at last convinced, by a simple courage that the armed gladiator might envy, the amazed populace could but cry, as the last partings were made, and the gratings were flung back to let the hungry beast loose upon its heroic, yet unresisting, victims,—"How these Christians love one another!"

Silently were they wont to gather for prayer and solemn communion together in the great city's unfrequented outskirts in the grey of the early dawn. Then, separating for their daily labour, they might well look on each other as those whose next meeting-place might be within the very gate of heaven, where the Lord should welcome His own. To them, life was the greatest of all uncertainties. The persecutor's hand was on the latch. To them the love and the joy of home seemed but as a cup of living water, that ruthless hands might at any moment dash from the lips that thirsted for it: and it was from the despised, the unlearned, the burdened, and the beggared ones of earth that there struggled forth into better life all such as the sweet example of Christian discipleship might influence. Even these might strive hard with self, might quit themselves like men, might "die daily," as the saying was, and still had they something more, something almost inconceivable to us in our happier life, to do; it was theirs to be thankful.

What, then, of ourselves, in the midst of our religious experience? Be very sure that our fathers, who stood for freedom in matters pertaining to religion, who nobly testified in darker times, would indeed have rejoiced if only they could have seen our day. And when, in years yet distant, the history of religion in England comes to be written, when future generations rejoice, as they assuredly will do, in a broader, a more human, and therefore a more Christ-like faith, it may be difficult for us now to realise the brightness of the fame that shall encircle such names as theirs!

We remember that they served God in their day, not with bitter hearts or gloomy countenances: they were thankful of spirit, from the consciousness that they had borne their witness unto truth, and ever in modest courage. They gloried in the knowledge that to them the trumpet gave no uncertain sound, whilst conscience abundantly made clear the way of duty. The many did not follow them: a dominant church might smile at what it held to be no more than egotistic folly on the part of Theophilus Lindsey, whilst a prejudiced nation spurned Priestley from its shore, and yet a deep and brave thankfulness possessed them that they had found strength to be true to themselves, and to God, in the evil day. If a voice of murmuring or of impatience arose from us, would not they solemnly, and yet gently, rebuke us, and bid us rather be grateful unto God for the changed conditions and the lighter crosses which are our happier lot to-day?

We are not called upon to underrate the many outward drawbacks that do beset our religious position: with all reverence we do appreciate

the difficulty encountered by many, who courageously and openly take service with ourselves, in what we may reasonably regard as lonely outpost duty in the Christian camp. There are gentle hearts among us that grieve sorely over pain and opposition cast upon them, because they have frankly and sincerely thrown in their lot with us: nor are we strangers to the loss which our position does entail upon us in worldly concerns. Other households of faith are thickly frequented, whilst ours are not so. And still, when we come quietly to look at our religious position and life, and try to unravel some of the enigma of our changeful lot, What then? You may go with a multitude to keep holiday; but do you not find after all that it is an uplifting thing to cherish a broad and a loving faith? Do you not own to a feeling of relief, flowing from the conviction which our religious views inspire, that good souls everywhere shall enter into the kingdom of God, no matter where their vows are offered or their prayers are said? Are not such conceptions matters for gratitude; yea, and of honest pride too?

Such is one thankful joy that our simple faith brings us.

Again, there are times when knowledge lays bare certain physical facts to us, facts which incontestably overthrow theories once held to be as true as they were essential; then we hear voices that cry out that religion is in peril! Does not our faith teach us that all knowledge is, and must be, of God, and that the wiser men grow the nearer they must get to Him, who is the fountain of all wisdom; since study and research are but means of access unto Him? Is there not something to thank God for? And when we come to the deeper, yea, the very crucial experiences of life, our earthly friendship can furnish us with a revealing similé.

There are men, it may be, who have worked together and sympathised in many a useful purpose, who have been "fellow-soldiers" in the service of righteousness, and who are linked in the indissoluble bonds of mutual confidence But serious duty calls them apart, and sets them with the width of the world between them. Keen is the sorrow of their sundered earthly companionship: but still the hope survives that they will yet once more tread together the path of common work. Even then the trouble is a burdensome one. But a surer, sterner, longer separation there is, and of it (as far as earth is concerned) the lip is silent, the loved presence sinks into memory, while the timepiece of eternity sayeth this incessantly, "For ever, never! Never, for ever!"

How unrelievedly sad to think that while our feet may tread the pavement of the heavenly city, and its songs may greet our ears, outside the gate, in hopeless loneliness, beating at its portals in vain, are some who loved us, who want us, and who may not enter to us; and that for no sin, but only because they worshipped God in other ways than ours! Then were heaven no home; but only a glittering, mocking abode of sorrow.

Far above such dreadful and oppressive dreams the faith, which you and I have learned of Jesus, triumphantly lifts us. From all that, Christ's one utterance, that God is our Father, fully and for ever delivers us. That faith is so simple, or we are living so unworthily of it, that the multitude accept it not. Yet, let us not part from it through lack of patience, or of love, or in unmanly wavering from what, to us, is the very truth of God. To some it may be a fine thing to stand in with the majority; to many it is so; but we must remember that the battle of doubt and despair must just be decided in our own souls, with God only for our witness. The time is coming when the spirit of man must, and shall, stand aside from life's tumultuous stream that rushes on, regardless of the lonely one, that can do no more than wait, and meditate, and pray. Shall it be nothing, then, to feel that Love must be omnipotent at last?—that not for what men believe, but for what they are, shall Heaven's verdict of blended mercy and justice be awarded? Is it no cause for devout gratitude, that although our nearest and our dearest may differ from us here, still all shall be made clear there, where men's honest regret for all their errors concerning the truth shall be forgotten in the bliss of realizing what the truth of God is? Precious is such a faith as this, and therefore let us rejoice and be thankful for its gladness and its hope.

I have no faith in men "making all the week a Sunday," who do not make the Sunday a Sunday!

Preachers and Preaching.

BY THE TATE LECTURER.

V.

On Some Elements of Pulpit Power.

(Notes of a Lecture delivered at Oxford.)

Part III.

A second human element in preaching power is to have clearly in view the mark you mean to hit in every sermon. So many of our sermons convey the impression of want of aim. They have no definite purpose in view, except to get through the half-hour allotted to their delivery. They lack specific and strongly felt intention. Of many sermons it may be said, there was no reason why they should ever begin, and there is no reason why they should ever leave off. There are sermons that can be reeled off by the yard and made by the dozen that never yet took hold of any living creature. As Dr. Dale puts it:—"A true sermon is meant to do something. It is not intended to be listened to merely." Such a sermon is not simply a discussion of a subject that has happened to strike the preacher's mind. It may be given with good rhetoric and pointed illustrations, and keep the people pleasantly interested. But what does it do? What was it meant to do? Has it touched any conscience? Has it taught any truth? Has it comforted any sorrow? Has it inspired the fainting heart with new courage? Has it roused a single soul to healthy activity? Has it inspired kindness? Has it made more august the holiness of God? Has it taught reverence, meekness, love? Men too often sit down to the preparation of their sermons with a general idea that the end of preaching is to produce an effect on human character. But the *particular* effect of that *particular sermon* is very vaguely apprehended. Sermons are governed by the general proposition—that the end of preaching is to produce an effect on human character. But character is so vast and varied, and the effects producible on it are so infinite that one might as well undertake to write an essay on such a topic as "The world and its contents." A theme too big is about the same as having no theme at all. You must consider that each sermon has its own special work to do on human character, its own mark to hit, its own definite purpose to accomplish. The preacher ought to be able to say why on that particular Sunday morning he selected that particular subject, and why he treated it in that way rather than in another. The sermon is not something to be attempted and achieved and enjoyed for itself, apart from any other consideration, like Wagner's "Parsifal," or Burne Jones' "Mirror of Venus." A sermon exists in and for a definite purpose. No sermon is good unless it *means business.* It is like a prescription given by a physician, it is given with something in view. You have before you your congregation with their needs. It has been a time of sorrow in many families, or a time of rejoicing, there have been temptations, there are real and pressing moral dangers; you have made, you are continually making, a diagnosis of your people. It is true there are general sermons which can be preached anywhere and almost at any time, but the sermons that are effective in the best sense are the sermons that fit the time. There are exceptions, and sometimes it is good to forget the needs of a special congregation and preach with simple humanity in view. But in the ordinary way, you must seek the psychological moment for preaching on particular topics. Often and often have I put a tempting subject aside when I have thought of my congregation. It would not do at that particular moment, it would be too remote, or perhaps too directly and painfully personal, and too much out of tune with the life of the community at that special time. No doubt you cannot interest your people in subjects unless they are interesting to you, but not all subjects that are interesting to you will be interesting to your people. You must discriminate. Sermons have their times and seasons. I will not deny that this adds to the preacher's difficulties, but then he is not fit to be a preacher who thinks it an easy calling. The preacher must realise his congregation. If we forget that we have a congregation to preach to we shall soon have no congregation to forget. Consider the directness with which a barrister seeks to convince a jury, or the method of a politician who seeks to win an election. There is no vague talking about things in general; there is no idea of pleasantly passing half an hour; everything is directed to winning a verdict, to exciting enthusiasm, to securing

votes. Archbishop Whately said of a certain preacher that he "aimed at nothing and hit it." How many sermons lack grip and point. I will not say such sermons never do good, but we have no right to expect that they will do good. To do good you must think of the people to whom you are speaking, and their needs, and that spiritual want which perchance you can supply, and the heart craving which you can satisfy, and the inward, unspoken sorrow which you can console, and the ignorance which you can dispel. Whatever you do let each sermon have its special purpose. It may be to warn, to interest, to comfort, to quicken conscience, to widen the outlook, to make God more lovable, to inspire generosity or self-sacrifice, or zeal, but let it aim at something. Be wise enough to postpone preaching on some topics until the suitable occasion. Let it be seen and felt that in any sermon you *mean business.*

Lastly, that a man should believe and live his own message is an indispensable element in pulpit power. This is one of those trite, obvious commonplaces which perhaps you think might be taken for granted. But often and often you will discover that your most pressing ministerial duty is to force home commonplaces upon men's attention. Men do not need for their souls and future welfare originality and brilliancy in the pulpit half so much as they need that the commonplace duties, the commonplace moralities, the commonplace beliefs should be made real, vivid and commanding. There was an old Puritan preacher who said "Reverence the grey-haired truths." The great, essential, indispensable things and truths of life and conduct are nearly always the commonplaces which everybody is familiar with. It may be a commonplace to say that a man should believe and live his own message, but it is a commonplace we cannot repeat to ourselves too often. Our temptation is to say fine and startling things; we set up lofty ideals, we rebuke men for falling short of the great standard, we press home the sublimest truths and faiths, we summon men to holy living, and all this fails of its effect because we ourselves do not live up to our creed. I do not say that the preacher has not the right to set before himself and his people an ideal which he himself has not yet been able to attain. But there must be the honest effort to attain it. If he goes beyond what has been at any rate sometime his experience, and merely writes down what he thinks he ought to say, without any real participation in its true meaning, then there will be a false and hollow ring of insincerity in his utterances. You will observe that I am not now speaking of intellectual sincerity. The students of this College are in less danger than others of falsehood to intellectual convictions. You need not be urged to speak out the thought that is in you, nor to be true to the gift God has shown you. Our congregations do not ask us to pare down the conclusions of our minds to accepted phrases, or expect from us intellectual conformity. We are free to speak little or much as we ourselves are led on by the spirit of truth. It is truth of character, conformity between the ideal of holiness we preach and the lives we live that I am thinking of. Believe me we shall be as preachers what we are as men. Lord Leighton's warning as to artists is true of preachers:—"As we are, so is our work." None but the pure in heart can see the vision of God, or effectively deliver his messages. Many a sermon is a sorry farce because of the incongruity between the fine things spoken and the poor, mean, inconsistent life of the speaker. It is not conscious hypocrisy which is the danger. I do not mean such inconsistency as you have in a Stiggins or a Dr. Dodd. It is the inconsistency between the high phrases in the pulpit, and the preacher's actual weakness and despondency in daily life. You sometimes hear a congregation say of a man's sermons that they paint an ideal of living:—

> Too bright and good
> For human nature's daily food.

Many would never make that criticism if the preacher's words were wrought out in his life. In every work of genius you have the identification of the artist with his work. The painter identifies himself with nature, lives her life, and so becomes fit to interpret her. The poet does the same. He has felt all he sings. The same is true of the preacher. Only it is not so much a question of genius with him as of sincerity. He must identify himself with his message. The things of which he speaks must not be ideas merely; they must be convictions. That which drives a sermon home is the weight of character behind it, and especially is this true of sermons

that deal with ethical and spiritual questions. A forcible and finely accentuated moral nature gives emphasis to any appeal to conscience. Nothing but a great conscience can speak to consciences with power. A man may very likely enough be a great scholar, metaphysician, theologian, and yet have only a weak, scarcely personal conscience. He may preach intellectual sermons, but he will speak in vain of righteousness, judgment, equity and love. It is his own greatness of conscience gives the preacher's words their reverberating quality, and their tone of authority. He wants a large and lofty moral configuration, a conscience astronomically timed and steady in its wide orbit as are the stars in heaven's order. Wanting in this, his moral appeals are without weight; his vehemence is only felt as annoyance, his brilliance as the glitter of tinsel, and his great thinking as merely cold intellectuality. He can hold a place at the bar, he can be an amusing polytechnic lecturer, he can make a figure in parliament, but without a great conscience, towering aloft as a kind of Sinai in his soul, he cannot be a successful preacher.

Gentlemen, *be* the sermons you preach. How incongruous is it to speak well and wisely of manly self-reliance, and to go about whining that people don't appreciate you. A woman of culture and character and many sorrows was lately telling me of her experiences with her former minister —a man of great elcquence and originality— "but," said she, "much as I liked him in the pulpit, I could never go to him with my difficulties, for he could never manage his own." Gentlemen, lay it to heart, that respect for the mere cloth is rapidly disappearing. You must be a man among men. You must win respect by the force, purity, integrity, and consistency of your lives. Be manly. Do not whine. Do not fish for compliments. Do not seek to be petted and flattered. Live within your income. You who preach lowly service, learn to serve in lowly station without complaining. You who preach self-sacrifice, be yourselves examples of the spirit and power of the love of God Let the man in the home, the man in the social circle, the man in the street, be the same man as the man in the pulpit. It is an indispensable element of pulpit power.

Biographical Addresses.

By THE LATE DR. SADLER.

RICHARD BAXTER.

I.

A closely-printed folio volume of nearly 800 pages contains "Mr. Richard Baxter's narrative of the most memorable passages of his life and times." The times and the life have so much to do with one another in this instance that it would have been impossible to dissociate them. He lived in what perhaps may be regarded as the most eventful period of English history—from 1615 to 1691. He was a boy when Charles the First ascended the throne, and at his death the Commonwealth, the Restoration, and the Revolution were all things of the past. His times were full of obstacles for him, and used him hardly, and yet he was a great power in them, and one may well doubt whether in any others he would have done more, or increased more in "valour and charity" and true wisdom.

His father lived in the village of Eaton-Constantine, not far from the Wrekin and the Severn, and had some property, though it was encumbered with debts incurred by gambling. Richard, however, was born at Rowton, in the house of his grandfather, Richard Adeny, also in Shropshire, where he remained till he was near ten years of age, and then he was taken home. His education was defective, owing to the low state of the clergy in the neighbourhood in which he lived. At Rowton he was instructed by four curates successively, "ignorant men, and two of them immoral in their lives." In his own home, he had as his schoolmasters two curates, one of whom was found to have officiated under forged orders, and the other preached only once in Baxter's time, and then was not sober. The scandalous condition of the National Church in some places at that time would be simply incredible, excepting that the accounts we have of it are of unquestionable authority. At length, however, he went to the Free School at Wroxeter, where under Mr. John Owen he was initiated into the higher branches of education.

According to his own story of himself, his disposition and conduct in his boyhood were anything but promising. His faults are formally set forth under eight heads: falsehood to escape correction, gluttony in regard to apples and pears, robbing orchards, playing for money in a covetous spirit, the love of romances, idle and foolish chat, an over-fondness for praise, and irreverence towards parents.

But early a vein of seriousness in his nature was reached by the conversation of his father, which often turned on God and a future life, and by an earthquake which filled his youthful mind with alarm. These prepared the way for some books of practical devotion, which are now for the most part forgotten, but which deeply stirred his soul. One, a torn copy of "Bunny's Resolution," was lent by a day-labourer in the town; another "The Bruised Reed," by Dr. Tibbs, was bought off a pedlar at the door; and there were three works belonging to a servant—"On Repentance," on "Living and Dying Well," and on "The Government of the Tongue."

It was Baxter's ardent desire to study at a university, but instead he went to a Mr. Richard Wickstead at Ludlow, who professed to be able to do more for the young man than any university tutor could do, and who nevertheless utterly neglected him. "He never read to me" (says Baxter), "nor used any savoury discourse of godliness; only he loved me, and allowed me books and time enough." There was, however, a fellow-student who was a great help. "We walked together, we read together, we prayed together." The name of his companion is not mentioned, for though he produced a lasting impression for good on his friend, he himself fell into habits of intemperance, and entered on a course of life over which charity was fain to draw a veil. At Ludlow, Baxter had a narrow escape of becoming a gamester, there being many idle gentlemen there who had little else to do but play, and the best gamester in the house initiated him in the art. Afterwards, by the persuasion and influence of Mr. Wickstead, he went to London to live a while with Mr. Henry Herbert, then Master of the Revels, with a view to getting a place at court; but court life soon palled upon him, and he returned to attend the death-bed of his mother, and then went to Wroxeter to read with old Mr. Garbett, a faithful and learned minister, and to carry out, if it might be, the earnest desire which had grown up in him to devote himself to the Christian ministry. This desire was even quickened by what seemed likely to frustrate it, viz.—the breaking down of his health, and such symptoms of consumption that for two or three years his life was almost despaired of.

In 1638, he had so far recovered as to be ordained. His family were conformists, and he had no scruples about subscription. But his attention was drawn to the subject of episcopacy by an oath, called the "et-cetera" oath, enacted by a Convocation, held at London and York in 1640, and containing the clause: "Nor will I ever give my consent to alter the government of this Church by archbishops, bishops, deans, and archdeacons, &c., as it stands now established and ought to stand." On investigating the subject, he not only refused to subscribe the oath, but entertained misgivings as to English episcopacy altogether. As, however, the decree of Convocation was not enforced, he continued his ministry as before. Passing over his earliest labours, we find him in 1641 settled at Kidderminster. The vicar is represented as having "been an ignorant and weak man, who preached only once a quarter, was a frequenter of alehouses, and not always sober." The curate was no better, if not even worse, and moreover "a trader in unlawful marriages." The parishioners were compounded with by allowing them a minister of their own choosing; and their choice fell upon Baxter. "Thus," he says, "I was brought, by the gracious Providence of God, to that place which had the chiefest of my labours, and yielded me the greatest fruits of comfort."

He ministered at Kidderminster with a joy and success, which have rarely if ever been equalled. He always looked back on the 16 years he spent there as the most peaceful and happy of his life. The remuneration he received was 80 or 90 pounds a year with rooms to live in; but his work was his reward, and he enumerates certain advantages to which in great measure he ascribes the marked results of his ministry. He found a people who had not been rendered "sermon-proof" by his

predecessors. Some who at first were his bitter enemies went away to the wars. He had around him a large number of "freeholders and tradesmen," whom he regarded as the strength of religion and civility in the land. He was in "the vigour of his spirits" and had "naturally a familiar moving voice," and "doing all in bodily weakness as a dying man, his soul was the more easily brought to seriousness, and to preach as a dying man to dying men." But the chief source of his happiness and of his success was the boundless energy he threw into his work. He preached in a large church, to which five galleries were added, that there might be room for the vast congregations which flocked to his services. Then there were personal conference and catechising in each family, distribution of books, and public disputations (such as were common at that time), and gatherings of ministers to form plans for concerted action; and as if these were not enough, he took upon himself the office of medical adviser, there being at first no regular medical practitioner in the place. There would be sometimes as many as twenty patients waiting at his door to have their bodily maladies attended to. Meanwhile he was busy as an author, and with the sixty or eighty pounds from the publishers, added to his stipend, he was enabled to help in the education of the "aptest children," to send some to the universities, and to relieve the distress of the very poor. In regard to the last, "he enquired not," he says, "whether they were good or bad, for the bad had souls and bodies that needed charity most. During the whole time he was a sufferer from ill-health, but he says—"All the pains that my infirmities ever brought upon me were never half so grievous as the loss of time which they occasioned. Through my weakness I could not bear to rise before seven o'clock in the morning."

No wonder such a man, devoted as he was to the welfare of those amidst whom he dwelt, should have been greatly loved and honoured, and should have altered the whole aspect and character of the town and neighbourhood. It is said that a hundred years after he left the place his influence was distinctly traceable in the descendants of those to whom he ministered.

Those 16 years at Kidderminster, however, were not passed in uninterrupted succession. In the early part of the time he was twice driven away by riots, in which his life was in danger. He was also occasionally quite laid aside by illness; and it was during one of these occasions that he wrote his "Saints Everlasting Rest." He was, moreover, intensely interested in the wars between the Royalists and the Parliamentarians. In 1642, when he was preaching for a friend at Alcester, the booming of cannon was audible, and next morning he went to Edgehill, where he saw the two armies drawn up about a mile from each other. He was invited by Cromwell to be chaplain to the famous troop which formed the nucleus of the Parliamentary army. Baxter declined, and afterwards regretted having done so. Later, however, he became preacher to a regiment. But he was in ignorance of the real state of things. "We were," he says, "unfeignedly for King and Parliament; we believed that the war was only to save the Parliament and kingdom from Papists and delinquents, and to remove the dividers." And had not a disabling attack of illness prevented, he would have done his best to draw off such officers and troops as he might influence, from the idea of promoting or countenancing anything like usurpation. When the Commonwealth was established, and he was called upon to preach before the Protector, he endeavoured to show how mischievous a thing it was for politicians to maintain divisions and distractions in the Church for their own ends. What was meant by this was well understood. And in an interview, a little while after, when Cromwell had spoken of God's providence in the change of government, "I told him," says Baxter, "that we took our ancient monarchy for a blessing, and not an evil to the land, and humbly craved his patience that I might ask him how England had ever forfeited that blessing?" Yet apart from the usurpation, Baxter's testimony was strong in Cromwell's favour, as the following declarations will show:—"All these" (the various denominations) "he led together by the point of liberty of conscience. I do not believe that ever England had so able and faithful a ministry since it was a nation, as it hath this day; and I fear that few nations on earth, if any, have the like.

Sure I am the change is so great within these twelve years, that it is one of the greatest joys that ever I had in the world to behold it. I bless God who gave me, even under a usurper whom I opposed, such liberty and advantage to preach his gospel with success, as I cannot have under a King to whom I have sworn and performed true subjection and obedience." Of one of his books, Baxter says: "it was written while the Lord Protector, prudently, piously, faithfully, to his immortal honour, did exercise the government." The prospect of the Restoration was welcome to one who had steadily opposed the setting aside of the royal line. A few leading ministers of the Presbyterian Body went to Charles at Breda to express the hope that he would support a comprehensive Church. By accident, as they supposed, they overheard him at his devotions, and were glad at the thought of having so pious a king. He promised compliance, and spoke fairly to themt and they came back well satisfied with thei, interview. The day before the Restoration war voted, Baxter preached before Parliament, as St. Margaret's, Westminster, on the duty of healing religious differences. As to loyalty to the King there was no difference. On the day of public thanksgiving, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen requested him to be the preacher at St. Paul's. He was also appointed one of the King's chaplains, assenting only when it was the King's own desire. In a conference with the King, at which an agreement between the Episcopalians and the Moderate Presbyterians was urged. "I presumed to tell him," says Baxter, "that the late usurpers so well understood their own interest that they found the way of doing good the most effectual means." Charles expressed his gladness at hearing such a desire for agreement, and declared that it should not be his fault if it were not carried into effect. Old Mr. Simon Ash, one of the ministers present, burst into tears of joy at such propitious words The King may have meant at the time what he said; but in his conduct afterwards he was guided by advisers and by circumstances. How he disappointed the expectations formed of him; how the Episcopalian party soon gained the ascendance; how promises made and repeated to the Presbyterians and conferences with them ended in nothing; how Baxter was offered a bishopric and declined it, and asked to be allowed to return to Kidderminster as a curate, and continue his work there, but was not allowed to do so; how in preaching before the King he took as his subject the contrast of the worldly life and the spiritual, and said that those who occupied a lofty position should for that very reason the better perceive the difference—are matters on which I have not time to enlarge. Two years after the service of rejoicing at St. Paul's, at which Baxter preached, the Act of Uniformity was passed, by which 2000 of the most earnest and conscientious ministers were driven out of the National Church. The Act took effect on Bartholomew's Day, 1662. "Not one in forty had even an opportunity of seeing what it was to which their assent and consent were required;" but the intention of those in power was well known. Of "the glorious two thousand," one was that old minister, Mr. Simon Ash, who wept with joy at the conference with the King, and who "went seasonably to heaven on the very day on which he was to be cast out of the Church." Of these noble-hearted men many were eminent, but Baxter was the most prominent of all, when "in his 47th year, bowed down with bodily infirmities, he was driven from his home and his weeping congregation, to pass the remainder of his life in loathsome jails or precarious hiding-places, there" (I quote the words of Sir James Stephen) "to achieve, in penury and almost ceaseless pain, works without a parallel in the history of English theological literature for their extent, or their prodigality of intellectual wealth."

In his congregation at Kidderminster there was a young lady, Margaret Charlton, not much past her twentieth year, who felt that she owed him a great deal, and whose earnest desire was "to go with him where he went, and dwell with him where he dwelt, to make his people her people, and his God her God. She had been brought up in luxury, and had of her own what was esteemed a good fortune of two thousand pounds. She was, according to Howe, of "a strangely vivid wit." She was gentle and cultivated, but brave and self sacrificing. She thoroughly sympathized with Baxter in his religious convictions and his catholic spirit, and nothing would satisfy her but

to be the sharer of his labours and the comforter of his sorrows. He hesitated for her sake and from his former view that a single life was more favourable to his ministerial efficiency; but the marriage took place, and his answer to the "much talk about it" was: "The true opening of her case and mine, and the many strange occurrences which brought it to pass, would take away the wonder of her friends and mine that knew us." He stipulated three things: 1st, That he should have nothing which before the marriage was hers; 2nd, that her affairs might be so arranged that he might not be entangled by any law suits; and 3rd, that the time required by his ministerial word should be held sacred. For nineteen years, during which she was spared to him, she was ever by his side, ready to bear with him what there was to be borne, and to do with him what there was to be done, watching over his health, soothing the asperities of his temper, which she found less than she had expected, making the best of their hard lot, and if not faultless, yet a most loving and beloved wife, and in all things a true help-meet. "Never was she so cheerful a companion," says Baxter, "as in prison." During the greater part of the 19 years, they had literally "no certain dwelling-place." They had a house at Acton, then at Moorfields, then at Acton again, then in divers other places. "The women," he says, "have most of that sort of trouble, but my wife easily bore it all."

(To be continued.)

Manchester College Letter.

Common report says that Oxford undergraduates are a late-rising and lackadaisical set of men. But on one morning in the year Oxford and the University can boast a greater number of voluntary early-risers than any other town in the land. As soon as "Big Tom" had struck five of his ponderous strokes on May-morning more than a thousand pairs of eyes were gazing fixedly at the top of Magdalen Tower where the surplices of the College choir blended with the red of several Oxford M.A. hoods. Year after year for centuries it has been the custom, the origin of which is now untraceable, for the choir thus to assemble and sing a Latin hymn. To stand among many hundreds of people who are all holding their breath and doing their best to listen to the solemn and majestic notes of this hymn as it floats down from above is an experience which we recommend all visitors at that time of the year not to miss. Yet, this year, only one Manchester College Student ventured to rouse himself from his slumbers and face the biting air of the early morn. But, considering the smallness of our numbers during the last term, he was a fair representation. It cannot be said that this last term at Manchester College was lively—our numbers were reduced to eight. Mr. E. S. Lang-Buckland, who was only with us two terms, but who had endeared himself to each one of us by his brilliant wit and friendliness, was invited by the Guildford congregation to settle among them, and felt it is duty to set to work at once. Mr. Simonfi had to return to Hungary to recuit his health. A good deal of sickness among others of our little community cast a gloom over the common room, and reduced the attendance at some of the lectures almost to a vanishing point.

Debating Society.—The Debate was not very well attended, but all the members present spoke. The Vice-President, Rev. E. J. Carpenter, was in the chair, and Mr. Evans, the Member for Wales, introduced a resolution to the effect that for further progress it was necessary that England should adopt Celtic ideals. This was vigorously opposed by Messrs. Travers, Pal, Sarkar, Hicks, and the Member for East Anglia. After the summing up of the Vice-President the resolution was put and the disgrace of Mount Badon was for ever obliterated.

The Martineau Club was favoured with a paper from Dr. Drummond, on "Some Aspects of Paul's Theology viewed in the light of his spiritual experience." There was a very good attendance in spite of the fact that many members were in for the Oxford Schools. This Session's meetings have been very successful. They have been entirely free from the formalities of many Oxford clubs, and the members have got to know one another well. Several of the visitors, who have been invited by members, have joined us largely because of the friendliness and good-will the members showed one towards another. Mr. Andreae, B.A, who was one of the members of the first Committee, and whose interest and efforts on behalf of the club have been constant, was elected President for the coming year. Mr. J. H. Woods, M.A., was elected Secretary. The following gentlemen are the Committee: Rev. J. E. Odgers, Messrs. L. A. Smith (University College), F. N. Dawson (Oriel), E. R. Phillips (Balliol), and W. S. Sharpe (Balliol). The club expressed its thanks to Mr. H. S. Ward, of Balliol, and the members of the Committee, for having so successfully arranged and carried out the work of the year.

At the meeting of the Social Union several glees were sung by the members of the choir, under the direction of Mr. Kerry, the organist, whose efforts to develop the musical talent of Manchester College are indefatigable, and to whom many of the students are indebted for kindly instruction and hints on congregational singing. A musical service was held towards the end of term, the principal soloists being Mrs. Lewis, Miss Parker, Messrs. E. G. Evans and H. L. Jones.

The work at the St. Ebbe's Institute during this term does not compare very favourably with that of the previous term. This is partly due to the natural cause of decline in every congregation, the approach of Summer, and partly to the fact that the college work is heavier during the Summer term. It is hoped that the large

number of students who are promised for next term will make the cause more successful. The mission provides a splendid opportunity for the development of the practical side of ministerial life, especially for the cultivation of the power of extemporaneous preaching. The work ought to be encouraged in order that the students whose missionary spirit is as great as their intellectual zeal may find a practical and useful outlet for their energies. Unfortunately the terms in Oxford are very short, and most of the students consequently feel they cannot spare the time they would like to give to the work here. Mr. Andreae's club for working men is a happy success. Too high praise cannot be given to the brave way in which the teachers have met the difficulties and peculiarities of Sunday School work in Oxford, and congratulations on the manner in which they have attached many of the rougher children to themselves and to the Institute cannot be too lavishly offered.

Readers of this letter will know that Mr. Carpenter has resigned his vice-principalship and the lectureships which he has so ably filled for many years, and will also be acquainted with the respect and warm affection in which his students, past and present, hold him; there is no occasion to dwell here upon facts which are well-known, and have already been better expressed in our weekly papers.

Only two students had to bid farewell to the College, its professors and its students, Mr. Hall and the Rev. C. Travers, who has returned to his pulpit at Carlisle. As both had previously been welcomed into the ministry, it was considered unnecessary to hold a Valedictory Service. The students' farewell supper was jovial and hearty; it was close on midnight before they separated, after singing "Auld Lang Syne." The guests were the Revs. T. Lloyd Jones, Vernon Herford, J. M. Lloyd Thomas, J. Warschauer, Messrs. F. A. Kerry and W. H. Parker. And now we bid an affectionate farewell to the College, wishing its present and future students the best thing we can wish them, that they may meet with the same kindness and have the same feelings of friendship and loyalty towards one another as those of the past year.—A. H.

The Seed Sower;

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Tears in Literature.

Tears have played no unimportant part in literature, especially in high-flown novels and sentimental poems. For some considerable time it was the custom to make the characters weep copiously upon every possible occasion. Tears of joy, tears of grief, tears of anger, tears of indignation—tears, in short, wherever they could be dragged in, were with the writers of the past generation a standing rule; and in those days the character, "whose grief is far too deep for words," would be regarded as a glaring anomaly, and as an absurd and impossible creation. Carlyle very truly observed that the eighteenth century was an age of "shams and windy sentiments;" but it must be noted that the great feature of the age was a reaction against false sentiment. This really set in during the latter half of the seventeenth century, at a period when "The Rehearsal" was produced to ridicule the extravagances of the "heroic" plays of the Restoration.

Other burlesques, aimed at the same objects, soon followed. Ten years before, Fielding held up to ridicule "the penny Cockney bookseller," who poured forth "endless volumes of sentimental twaddle," his "Tom Thumb" was produced; and, in some notes which he added afterwards, has transmitted to us many amusing examples of the stilted language of the plays then in vogue. In the first act of Fielding's burlesque, *King Arthur* says to *Queen Dollallalla*—

> Ha! what wrinkled sorrow
> Hangs, sits, lies, frowns upon thy knitted brow?
> Whence flow those tears fast down thy clubber'd cheeks,
> Like a swoln gutter gushes through the streets?

In explanation of this, the author observes that floods of this character are very frequent in the tragic writers, and quotes these examples from plays of the period:

> Near to some murmuring brook I'll lay me down,
> Whose waters, if they should too shallow flow,
> My tears shall swell them up till I will drown.

> Pouring forth tears at such a lavish rate,
> That were the world on fire, they might have drown'd
> The wrath of heaven, and quench'd the mighty ruin.

From another extract, it would seem that the waters of grief may soon be changed to those of joy:

These tears, that sprang from tides of grief,
Are now augmented to a flood of joy.

The tears of another character drown the whole world:

Our swelling grief
Shall melt into a deluge, and the world
Shall drown in tears.

Sterne was, as everybody knows, an extensive dealer in tears, and his reference in "Tristram Shandy" to the tears of the recording angel is as well known as any passage in literature. Barham cleverly and characteristically parodied this in the "Lay of St. Nicholas":

The accusing Byers "flew up to heaven's Chancery,"
Blushing like scarlet with shame and concern;
The archangel took down his tale, and in answer, he
Wept (see the works of the late Mr. Sterne).

Indeed, it is said, a less taking both were in
When, after a lapse of a great many years,
They book'd Uncle Toby five shillings for swearing,
And blotted the fine out again with their tears!

To compile an index to the references to tears in Sterne's works would be no slight task, because most of his characters were of what Mr. Charles James Yellowplush would call a "m'ist constitution." But to Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling"—much of which is written after the manner of the author of "Tristram Shandy"—there has been an index to the tears shed in the course of the attractive story, and a very interesting compilation it is, showing conclusively that, as Professor Henry Morley has observed, it can scarcely be called a "dry" book.

The compiler of this odd contribution to the curiosities of literature, who is careful to abate chokings, etc., are not counted, gives no fewer than forty-seven references to tears in that short work. In one instance, it will be remembered, Mr. Atkins' daughter falls to the ground and "bathes her father's feet in her tears;" while there are several references to "showers" of tears. As Mackenzie afterwards assisted in writing tracts against the doctrines of the Revolutionists—of which this absurd sentiment, so freely indulged in by Rousseau and Sterne, was a serious reflection—we may take it that his opinions with regard to tears underwent a change.

Of the more modern novelists, Lytton undoubtedly stands at the head of the sentimental school. Whether he deserves all Thackeray's satire is, however, another matter. Thackeray himself was by no means sparing in his use of tears. In the course of "Vanity Fair" there are a good many instances in which the "green eyes" of *Becky Sharp* "looked up to heaven and filled with tears;" and as to sentiment, Alexander Smith said that the only faculty with which the great novelist gifted his good women was the supreme faculty of tears. Without going so far as this, it must be confessed that Thackeray's women are, to use his own phrase, "uncommonly watery," although they do not shed "showers" or "rivers" of tears, like the heroines of a past generation.

Every novelist has some pet idea, just as every man has some pet word or phrase; and Dickens' pet resource for producing humour was tears, of which he avails himself largely. Nearly all his humbugs are capable of producing at least one tear at command, and in "Martin Chuzzlewit" he runs through the whole gamut of tears—the tears of grief, the tears of joy, the tears of sentimental drunkenness, the tears of indignation ("Indignation," observed *Mr. Pecksniff*, "will bring the scalding tear to the eye, I know"—he wiped his own elaborately), and the tears of hypocrisy—although perhaps the tears of indignation should be included with the latter. Of his use for tears for producing humour, only two examples need be quoted. *Baily Junior* expressed his contrition on a memorable occasion by "affecting to wipe away scalding tears with his apron, and afterwards feigned to wring a vast amount of water out of that garment." Of a letter which he intended to write to his aunt, *Dick Swiveller* said: "I mean to blot it out a good deal, and shake some water over it out of the pepper-caster, to make it look penitent. 'I'm in such a state of mind that I hardly know what I write—blot—if you could see me at this minute shedding tears for my past misconduct—pepper-caster—my hand trembles when I think'—blot again. If that don't produce the effect, it's all over." These are two instances out of many in which Dickens makes use of tears with inimitable effect, and with all the little embellishments of which he was such a master. Dickens' humbugs, with their unlimited power of shedding crocodile tears, have frequently evoked criticism; but in the course of

a controversy that has recently taken place on the "Anatomy of Acting," it was stated that anybody with a week's practice can produce tears at will. If this be true, the "hebdomadal conferrer of immortality" are indeed confounded.

Obviously Dickens often meant to ridicule the idea that tears are indispensable adjuncts to true feeling; and no doubt much of his satire in this direction accomplished its purpose. What influence his writings alone had in moulding the character of the fiction of to-day it is impossible accurately to determine; but that influence was undoubtedly great, and the fashion in literature at present is certainly not the ultra-sentimental. Emphatically, then, tears "have had their day." We have now, it is true, the novel of sentiment, the novel of romance, and what Mr. Justin McCarthy calls the "conundrum" sort of novel; but we are all "realists" as far as sentiment is concerned, and "shams and sickly sentimentalities" are not at all likely to achieve any great popularity whilst the public taste remains as it is at present.

The Summer Meeting for Sunday School Teachers (Oxford).

It is not too much to say that the experiment of a summer meeting for Sunday School teachers, somewhat on the lines of the University Extension Lectures, has proved a great success. Few things in the recent history of our Free Churches have been more gratifying than the response made by our Sunday School teachers to the invitation of the Sunday School Association to spend a week at our College in Oxford, studying the various objects and problems of Sunday School work. That 140 teachers should have come together from various parts of the country to listen to lectures from Biblical and educational experts, to give themselves to serious work, and to take council of each other's experiences, is in itself most encouraging. It means not only a spirit of earnestness and sacrifice, but a widespread and consciously felt need for an improvement in our Sunday School methods. How to better the quality of our teaching? How to make our Sunday Schools at once more attractive and more educational? How to bring up religious instruction to something like the level of the efficiency of secular instruction? These are questions ministers and superintendents are always asking themselves. We do not say that the Oxford meeting has solved all our problems, but we do confidently say, that an amount of light was shed and a spirit of enthusiasm aroused which must tell for good far and wide.

It is easy to be cynical about these summer meetings, and speak of them as "a week's pic-nic tempered by playing at study." No one pretends that a week's attendance at lectures, even given by such eminent men as Professors Drummond and Carpenter, will make a Biblical scholar. All that is attempted is to give a clue to the study of the Bible, and to quicken interest in the application of its teaching to the mind of the young. But the despised pic-nic aspect of such a gathering is not without its serious use, for there, as we can testify, some of the most useful talks are carried on, experiences exchanged, views and difficulties discussed. The feeling of comradeship awakened is no small matter. To grip by the hand and come near to the heart of our fellow-workers is always good.

One of the best benefits of this summer meeting will be found, we trust, in a revival among our churches of a sense of the immense importance of Sunday School work. If it means so much that it is worth while a week's special study under the direction of the most distinguished scholars of our college, then it also means that it is worth the attention and service of the best men and women in our churches. It is too much a tradition in our schools to leave them entirely in the hands of our young people. Marriage is thought to end the period of Sunday School service for both sexes, or work in the School is regarded simply as a convenient introduction to public service in other directions. How many times have we heard the remark after three years' work: "I have done my share; let someone else have a turn." The orthodox Sunday Schools manage, as we do not, to retain the interest and service of men and women in mature life. We know schools in which Aldermen and Town Councillors, Solicitors and Accountants, wealthy manufacturers and busy shopkeepers, take an active part, and have done so for many years. That is rarely the case with us. And it will be no slight thing if our summer meeting impresses

some of our seniors with the splendid opportunity for the noblest kind of service which the Sunday School offers.

The arrangements at Oxford were in every respect satisfactory, and grateful thanks are due to all concerned. The College authorities threw themselves into the affair with great heartiness, and one of the side results of the meeting, by no means to be regarded lightly, is the making more widely known our College and quickening in every mind an interest in its welfare. The more the College can become a centre for our churches and their life the better. It is impossible to speak too highly of the services rendered by Miss Pritchard, and by the local secretary, Mr. Woods. They, like everyone else must feel that they are amply rewarded in the surprising success which attended their labours. The most enthusiastic of us never looked for an attendance of more than sixty, and there were those who told us we were mad to dream of such numbers. But numbers only do not make success. The spirit, the earnestness, the value of the various papers, the suggestiveness of the discussions, the fellowship, these were abundantly present, and made the chief factors in one of the most useful meetings our churches have ever known.

Natural philosophers were amazed when they thought they had found a newly-created species. But what is each man but a creature such as the world has not before seen?

VALUE OF SLEEP. — Ministers, authors, teachers, and men generally who live by brain work, lose much health and power by losing sleep, and this because they carry their trains of thought to bed with them. Many ministers in early years totally injure their powers for a lifetime by working at their sermons right up to bed-time. But before bed something should be done to quiet the strings of the harp, which, otherwise, will go on vibrating all the night. Dr. Watts used to say, "Break the chain of thought at bed-time by something at once serious and agreeable." Unless a man can turn his mind into another channel sleep will be vexed, if not driven away. It is bad for a man to carry his business to bed with him.

Practising Happiness.

How rare are really happy people! It seems a pity. Why is not everybody happy? They might as well be: their unhappiness is no benefit to themselves; and, if we ask their friends, we should probably find an urgent desire, due possibly to selfish motives, to have them made happy without loss of time, if indeed, there is any possible way of doing it.

Even if unhappiness in any individual were not a constant irritant in family life, and a prime cause of endless aggravations, yet most people would desire to see others happy, simply as they desire to see clear skies and sunny days. There are not many Scrooges in the world,—people who neither wish to be happy themselves nor to have others so. Yet it would seem that the old legend which Colonel John Hay made into his popular poem of the emperor's fruitless search for the shirt of a happy man rightly estimated the scarcity of that desirable commodity.

Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, by no means a rank pessimist, in his posthumous work just published, called "The Quest of Happiness," not only regrets the infrequency of his own tastes of the divine nectar, but endeavours to show that no secure happiness is to be looked for or hoped for in human life. He asks the question, "Would you, if you had the power to do so, create a new planet exactly and in all respects like the earth? and would you put upon it a race of creatures exactly like prehistoric man, whose descendants should suffer all that men have suffered and enjoy all that men have enjoyed?" And he says his own answer would be an emphatic negative. He says, further, that the moon, with its desolate landscape of windless mountains that no cloud ever over-shadows, that no stream waters, where no sheep nor shepherds are, where no bird sings, is not so sad a spectacle as on this world is the continent of Africa, with its degradations, its slaveries, and its untold cruelties. He believes some people are inherently happy; but his facts, from real experience, seem to show that most people do not expect to be happy. He quotes two ladies, the first of whom said, "No one can be really happy after thirty-five years of age." To which

the second lady assented, adding only the words, "or before."

Now Hamerton is not a mere materialist, and he goes on to prove that it is not simply dissatisfaction with material condition that it is so prevalent; but he declares that even the higher attributes of human capacity do not lead to contentment. Indeed, he goes so far as to say that the craving for the higher qualities of the intellect has of late years done more to make people discontented than any other thing. As soon as people have attained financial independence, they take to wishing to become celebrated in literature or art or music, or to do something which they cannot do, and so render themselves miserable again.

According to this view of life, the best way to pluck a little fleeting happiness from the flying years would be to reduce one's self as much as possible to the intellectual level of a sheep. But this is the *reductio ad absurdum*. The truth is that conditions, whether they be material or intellectual, are not the factor which makes for happiness. Take Hamerton's own case: the conditions are little less than ideal. A large inherited income, the opportunity to exercise his refined talents in any sphere he chose, his life reads like a dream of ease, luxury, and honour; and yet he speaks of his own happiness as a volume always snatched away before he could read it.

The conditions were not wrong; but Mr. Hamerton's method was at fault: he forgot that happiness is like virtue, and is acquired by practice. It is essentially a state of mind, and is closely allied to obedience. What did Emerson mean when he said, "I revere the person whom I cannot think of as unhappy." Was it not that he saw clearly that happiness and selfishness cannot grow on the same stem?

Francis of Assisi, Father Damien, Thoreau, Phillips Brooks,—these men practised happiness. By that method they proved that it is possible to store up in the heart power enough to expel the irritations, the aggravations, the cares, the worries of life, and to shed the light of joyful peace over the fretful days.

On the other hand, men, and even women, have practised ill-temper; and not infrequently they have achieved considerable success. But, surely, it is as efficient and much better for all concerned to practise happiness. It is quite conceivable that each human soul, bit by bit, through the practice of happiness, might so grow to fit the place of its habitation that every surrounding condition would begin to reflect the spiritual power thus generated, as sunshine radiates.

Why not put a little confidence in the Infinite?

The Godward Tide.

The brook runs singing to the sea,
Dear Lord!
Unmindful if its passage be
Through barren moor or daisied lea;
Bent but to broaden till the Ocean's breast
Receives it, like a mother, into rest.

But I, my Father, what am I,
Dear God?
No singing stream, a fretful soul
Petitioning to know the whole,
While yet unbroadened for thy Being's sea
I run, and run, yet have not come to thee.

A stream that chafes at every stone,
Dear Lord!
And mourns the nightshade that has grown
Along its brink, where might have blown
The wilding rose, the lily, and the vine
That grace the bank of happier streams than mine.

Yet I sweep onward not the less,
My God!
To meet thy Spirit, where the stress
Of thy eternal tenderness,
Deep-tided, shall compel my quicker flow,
Till I, too, sing and broaden as I go.

I cannot keep myself from thee,
My God!
Albeit I fret at thy decree
Or halt when thou art calling me:
I do but rob my soul of thy deep calms
And the felt touch of thy eternal arms.

But not forever! nay, not so,
My God!
Though for a space I murmur slow
Through barren moors where nightshades grow,
Not the less sure thy love shall quicken me,
And mine shall broaden till I come to thee.

MARY CHACE PECKHAM.

He who drives a hard bargain will be the loser, because he himself will become hard.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

A Birthday Petition to a Butterfly.

Everybody must kiss me!
It is my birthday to-day;
Soon, very soon they will miss me,
So I can't linger to play.
But I ran out for a minute,
One little kiss to implore;
Butterfly, once you begin it,
Perhaps you'll ask me for more.

With all the blossoms coquetting,
Just at the close of day,
You disappear at something;
Where do you flutter away?
Somebody made the suggestion
Up to the stars you had flown;
Butterfly, answer my question,
Have you a star of your own?

Oft have I searched for your dwelling,
And when I've seen you at rest,
Fancied the rose you were smelling
Might be a butterfly's nest.
Pray, do you sleep with your dress on?
Have you your bed in a star?
(Do you believe with my lesson,
That they are ever so far?)

Long for my birthday I've waited,
All of a sudden it's here;
Then I am petted and fêted,
One royal day in the year!
Lessons no more are imparted,
Pleasure each moment must bring;
No one is half so hard-hearted
As to refuse me a thing.

Butterfly, you owe me duty,
Long have I waited for this;
Come in your glittering beauty,
Give me a sweet little kiss.
Nobody dares to distress me,
You must be amiable too—
Butterfly, come and caress me,
I'll never tell if you do!

The Dove.

(Retold after the German of Albert Roderich.)

There was once upon a time a forest, and a youth was walking dreamily in the shade of its majestic trees. Suddenly he heard a wailing note; and, searching in the direction whence the sound came, he found a wood-dove caught in a snare. "Well, well," he said, "I should not wonder at all if that dove were a fairy who would grant me a wish, if released."

With these thoughts, he cut the cord, and let the dove go. His eyes followed her flight; and he asked, "Supposing you are a fairy, shall I be allowed to make a wish?"

And, really, the dove was a fairy, whose delicate form hovered between the branches of the big oak tree; and she said: "Certainly, I am a fairy; and I shall allow you three wishes."

"All right!" said the youth. "Three wishes, such is the custom in fairy tales. But will they be fulfilled?"

"Yes," said the fairy. "They will be fulfilled."

What a delightful prospect for a young man! He thought: "First, I wish wealth; secondly, a palace to live in; and, thirdly, that I shall be granted three more wishes whenever I so desire."

"Your wishes are granted," said the fairy, and disappeared.

The youth went home, and there he saw a palace which he knew was his own. He entered, and went right to the treasure vault; for he was familiar with all the rooms of the mansion, as if he had been living in it for ages. The treasure vault contained as much money as he wanted. He spent his riches in pleasure and in charities, just as he thought best. At any rate, he enjoyed himself immensely, until he became sick in body and mind. While lying on his bed, he thought of his chance of having new wishes granted. And he wished, first, for renewed health, secondly, wisdom, with all the learning which long years of studying would afford, and, thirdly, another chance of three more wishes.

His wishes were again fulfilled.

When he became sick of his books, he longed for a quiet home, and he wished, first for a beautiful wife, and, secondly, for well-behaved, amenable children, and, thirdly, that he could have another chance of three wishes.

Thus he continued, always asking for the fulfilment of two wishes, and requesting another chance of wishes whenever he should desire it.

This kind of life was very pleasant, but he grew sick of it because he had wished for everything that he could think of, and he no longer knew what to wish for next.

One day, when he had in vain troubled himself with the invention of new wishes without being able to find one, he grew very wroth, and shouted in his anger: "What pleasure can there be in obtaining anything, if these dreadful fairies always grant it for the mere asking? I wish I had never wished anything."

As he uttered these words, he found himself standing at the very same spot, in the very same forest, under the very same conditions as before. The fulfilment of all his wishes was at once wiped out as though it had been a dream, and in the boughs of the gnarly oak the liberated wood-dove cooed merrily.

A sermon to be preached a second time, must be born again. If so, how many lives some sermons ought to have.